THE
Tunbridge-Miſcellany:

Conſiſting of

POEMS, &c.

Written at TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

In the Year 1713.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. CURLL*, at the *Dial* and *Bible*, againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and ſold at his Shop upon *Tunbridge*-Walks. MDCCXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
73
DEC

THE *Tunbridge*-Miſcellany, For the Year 1713.

To Mrs. COLT.

WHEN high the greateſt * Monarch's Fame was blown,
And Worlds unconquer'd left, becauſe unknown,
Of all the preſent Time, and Praiſe ſecure,
He thought his future Glory to enſure;

* Alexander.

Thus

Thus he ordains by a ſevere Command,
None dare to draw him, but APELLES Hand.
Equal, O COLT, thy Beauty's Conqueſt riſe,
All feel thy Chain, who ever view'd thy Eyes,
Safe in the preſent Triumph, ſtill engage
The diſtant Praiſes of the coming Age;
Excite the Muſe, and let the World admire
He only could *command*, but You *inſpire*.

To a Young Married DIVINE.

HAPPY thy Thoughts, dear Sir, which young approve,
The Sacred Gown, and Matrimonial Love,
All that we think, and all that we can know
Of Heavenly Pleaſure is in Love below,
And all above for pureſt Hearts deſign'd,
The Sacred Office teaches us to find,

Thus

Thus happily united meet in you
The Earthly Paradiſe, and Heavenly too.
What Power directed thus thy early Choice,
Or was the Bleſſing God's inſpiring Voice?
He did e'er Vice her Infant Head had ſhown,
Call you out ſoon, and mark'd you for his own,
He gave you all the worldly Scene could give,
Then ſhow'd you how hereafter we muſt live;
Thus Saints, and Patriarchs did their Love employ,
To fit their Souls to a Sublimer Joy.

Bleſt Youth with Pity, may'ſt thou well behold
How we from Error are to Errors roll'd,
Our Wiſhes with our Paſſions varying ſtill,
Betrays the wild Extremes of Human Will,
While thine is fixt, by Fear of Change uncurſt,
He chuſes *once* who chuſes *beſt* at firſt.

To Mrs. BRISCOE, *upon her coming to* Tunbridge-Wells, *for the Recovery of her Health.*

AS fierce Invaders, when they ſack a State,
Mix higheſt Objects in the common Fate,
In the ſame Fire with equal Ruin meet
The Rural Cottage, and Imperial Seat,
Nor ſpares the ſacred Shrines, the ſpreading Sin
Regardleſs of the Deity within.
Thus *Sickneſs* equally aſſails the Frame
Of the coarſe Vulgar, and the brighter Dame,
Strong and reſiſtleſs in its Force diſarms
The rough-turn'd Features, and exacter Charms,
Beauty her ſelf, with impious Fury dares,
Nor VENUS' Image in her BRISCOE ſpares.

But thou, O *Goddeſs*, now thy Virtues ſhow,
Exert thy Pity, and repel the Foe,
And ſave thy Repreſentative below;

Re-

Reviving Vigour to the Spring ſupply,
Awake her Beauties, and repoint her Eye,
Then ſhall theſe *Waters* grow as fam'd as thoſe
Immortal Seas from whence thy ſelf aroſe,
With equal Honours we will both adore,
Thoſe gave a Goddeſs *Life*, and theſe *Reſtore*.

To a LADY *Born in* Germany.

Germania late by *Britain*'s aid could boaſt
Succeſſive Spoils, and an unconquer'd Hoſt,
And while our Valour ſhone before their Eyes,
They fought as if our Beauties were the Prize.
Britain disjoin'd, now ſink their wonted Fires,
EUGENE himſelf unwillingly retires,
Yet thou forſaken Warriour couldſt thou view
That Face which firſt thy own *Germania* knew,

That *Sun* which firſt aroſe beneath your Skies
And robb'd *Britannia* of her brighteſt Eyes,
Would to thy fainting Breaſt new Strength afford,
And drench in Blood again thy conqu'ring Sword,
Gallia again would ſink, new Spoils be won,
And COLT perform, what MARLBRO' left undone.

To AURELIA, *upon her Complaint that ſhe was Cenſur'd.*

LET buſy Rumour, and fantaſtic Fame,
Shoot their vain Darts, and impotently blame,
Should envy ſo much blooming Beauty ſpare,
We ſhould eſteem her Blind, or thee leſs Fair,
Sharp are her Eyes, and ſhe with Sorrow ſees,
Charms that muſt bleſs, and Graces that muſt pleaſe,
Thy Health AURELIA, is her worſt Diſeaſe.

As Wretches vext with Spleen think all things ſtill,
Induſtriouſly contribute to their Ill;
Objects of Joy then moſt offend their Sight,
The Sun grows tireſom, and gives too much Light.
Thus Malice hid beneath an ugly Face,
Thinks others Excellence her own Diſgrace,
Sickens at Scenes, which we with Pleaſure mark,
And ſhuns thy Rays to curſe 'em in the Dark.
Then turn, AURELIA, from the hated View,
And with thy Smiles thy Lover's Joys renew,
Shine on the better Few, who juſtly know,
To value Bleſſings which from Virtue flow,
And know that Envy with her keeneſt Arms,
But makes her ſelf a Witneſs to thy Charms.

To Mrs. BROOKES.

AS when our Eyes fix'd on ſome Royal Seat,
Diſcern the Fabric venerably great,
At the firſt ſight we praiſe, nor can we know
From what peculiar Grace thoſe Praiſes flow,
But nearer Views our firſt Applauſe allow,
And what was Fancy then, is Reaſon now,
Proportion, Genius, Strength of Art we ſee,
In the ſame Place harmoniouſly agree.

Thus at a Diſtance, BROOKES, thy Beauties ſtrike,
We ſee an *unknown ſomething* that we like,
Quickly it touches, and commands an Awe,
But ſtill increaſes as we nearer draw,
Reaſon confirms our Admiration true,
What firſt we lik'd, we now with Rapture view,
Sweetneſs, and Majeſty, and Grace conſpire
At once to make You pleaſe, and Us admire.

In

In others ſome peculiar Charm we ſpy,
The fine Complexion, or the piercing Eye;
The Lover with one ſingle Feature bleſt,
Or thinks them worthleſs all, or feigns the reſt;
But you are rich in Charms, and you might grant
Beauties to thouſands, nor yet Beauties want,
E'en CHLOE's ſickly Air, and Mien would charm,
Did your Tyrannic Eyes her Perſon arm,
Poor awkard PHILLIS might attempt to pleaſe,
Could ſhe but move with thy Majeſtic Eaſe.
Thou like the *Thames* with undiminiſh'd Store,
Couldſt feed their leſſer Streams, and ſtill keep more,
To make Thee Queen of Rivers, as before.

The TUNBRIDGE-TOASTS,
For the Year 1713.

THE Glaſſes crown'd, the abſent Female Name,
That gives the noble Juice a double Flame,
Whether by preſent Views of Hope inſpir'd,
Thy gayer Heart auſpiciouſly is fir'd,
Or Thou unmindful of the Nymphs and Love,
Another's Paſſion by thy Voice approve,
And drink gay Health to her ſuperiour Charms,
Who languiſhes within a Husband's Arms.

Let Strength and Smoothneſs in the Liquor meet,
To raiſe a gentle, but a laſting Heat,
And let the Surface ſparkle like her Eye,
When BROOKES's Name we to the Glaſs apply,
Sure are the Chains, when ſhe is pleas'd to bind,
We dare not look, or if we do, are blind.

To Briscoe next, the circling Glaſs go round,
And praiſe the Charms which tho' diminiſh'd wound,
Pity ye gentle Pow'rs the ſinking Fair,
Haſten the Waſte of Sickneſs to repair,
On ſome rude Piece your keener Darts employ,
And what you made for Sport, for Sport deſtroy;
You loſe, if her your angry Hand invade,
The greateſt Praiſe of what your ſelves have made.

In Lindsay's Air majeſtical and ſweet,
The Matron's Care, and Virgin's Beauty meet,
The ſerious Gravity, and gentle Fire,
As in the Seat of Innocence conſpire,
By her convinc'd, ye Fair, the *many* ſhun,
She conquers ſafeſt, who ſubdues but *one*.

Neg-

Neglecting Beauty, FORESTER moſt charms,
And ſtrikes the ſureſt in the eaſieſt Arms,
With undeſigning Freedom throws the Dart,
And without aiming pierces to the Heart,
Her Pow'r ſhe knows not, or if known diſdains,
And unaffecting Conqueſt wideſt reigns,

If MAYNARD be the Toaſt, the Bumpers go,
Free as her Humour let the Liquor flow;
O! were its Pow'rs to beſt Advantage ſhown,
Infuſing Wit, but equal to her own.

Thy Name, AURELIA, we with Rapture hear,
And oft repeat it to the willing Ear,
O! let the Muſe, thou Fair, her Flame diſguiſe,
She dares not truſt thee to another's Eyes,
Vain is her Wiſh, the Truth be not reveal'd,
Such Beauty never can be long conceal'd,

Should

Should not thy finiſh'd Form, and Shape betray,
The ſecret Fires that melt my Soul away,
Thy Strength and Innocence of Wit muſt prove,
That Soul were thoughtleſs, if it did not love.

Happy the Thoughts which from ſuch Objects flow,
Then wing'd with Joy the fleeting Minutes go;
Far be the Nice, Affected, and the Rude,
The flutt'ring Coquet, and fantaſtic Prude,
The pining Wretch with Envy in her Eyes,
The ſow'r, ill-natur'd, ugly wealthy Prize,
Let ſtiff MIRMILLO all their Favours boaſt,
And by himſelf drink each forbidding Toaſt.

Upon CLOE.

WHEN I diſcourſe of CLOE's Air and Mien,
You ſwear ſhe common is, and never clean;
Yet you your ſelf diſprove what you call true,
Since you confeſs ſhe never lay with you.

Upon the New Paſſing-Houſe.

BEtween Extremities on either ſide,
Where in the mid-moſt Space the Walks divide,
A Cell there riſes, neither large, nor ſmall,
(Fit Emblem of the Place whence Waters fall.)
Here in Obedience to great Nature's Laws,
Each loaded uncontaining Nymph withdraws,
And gratefully returns thoſe Drops again,
She lately borrow'd from the Min'ral Vein,

Her

Her Pleaſure ſhe conſults by different Ways,
And what ſhe drank for Health, for Eaſe repays.

Faſt to the Spring ye Beaus and Lovers preſs,
And drink the wholeſome Liquor to exceſs;
Now you may ſafe the fair Ones Favours boaſt,
Deriv'd from that dear Part you value moſt.
What noble Spirits muſt the Spring acquire,
Sublim'd with Min'ral Strength, and Female Fire,
The Female *Salts* the gentle Paſſion raiſe,
And animating *Steel* repairs decays:
Thus ſhe who from her Eyes transfix'd the Heart,
Now gives a Med'cine from a kinder Part,
So Animals that poiſ'nous Heats convey,
With ſome ſalubrious Part that Heat allay.

O! happy Cell, the proudeſt Dame to Thee
Truſts all her ſecret Charms which none muſt ſee.
Hither BLOUSARIA's mighty Weight retreats,
And doubly preſſes the reſounding Seats;
Light on the *Green* the younger Beauties ſpread,
And kiſs the Cuſhion with a ſofter Bed;
Here PHILLIS ſitting, thinks with what Delight
DAMON would purchaſe ſuch a glorious Sight,
Here Charms unſullied by the Sun diſplay'd,
Show what ſhe owes to the defending Shade,
And THYRSIS here with curious Eye might trace,
That SYLVIA's Neck is not the whiteſt Place.

Tunbridge-Wells, Auguſt 26, 1713.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

WE hope, venerable Sir, that your Title of GUARDIAN is not confin'd to the Compaſs of the Town only, but reaches to all your Wards, where-ever they have been pleas'd to take up their Summer Reſidence, and where they uſually lay out themſelves more freely, than when under the immediate Inſpection of their GUARDIAN. We don't think however to make you an Arbitrator of Quarrels, or a Moderator between modern Bullies, as your great Anceſtor in HOMER, is ſaid to have been of thoſe among the Ancients. We rather deſire to make you a Judge of our Meetings of Love, and Affection, and the ſeveral Methods here in Uſe among us, to bring the *Male* and *Female* Part of our Company acquainted.

In

In order to this, we muſt give you a ſhort Hiſtory of our CLUBS, where we meet promiſcuouſly, to the Satisfaction both of our Eyes and our Stomachs, and ſtare and eat, and eat and ſtare one another into Countenance.

Our moſt ancient Inſtitution for this Year, is the *Dumpling Club*, immediately after Divine Service on Sunday-Morning, and we repair from the Church, to the Tavern; from the Text to the Pudding, with great Alacrity; our Oeconony is very nice and regular; the Steward following the Cook, and after ſeveral Flouriſhes with his great Knife, to the Company, cuts the *Dumplings* into Rectangles, then interſects them into ſmall Cubes, which the Ladies being ſeverally appointed with their Forks, with great Eaſe convey to their pretty Mouths; you cannot but expect that ſuch Food as this requires a Glaſs, over which, after we have preach'd a little on Subjects extremely proper for the Day, (as, *what did you loſe, who was ſtript laſt Night?*) we retire to Dinner. I know, Sir, that your great Anceſtor above-mentioned, had a great Reſpect for good eating and drinking, and always advis'd it before any Action of Conſequence; but I believe you will agree with me, that he never would have advis'd Dining before Dinner, and that this is entirely a Refinement upon the Art of Eating; as you will own our Second Inſtitution is.

The *Bacon Club* beginning exactly at Ten a Clock at Night, the Deſign of which is entirely for the

the Promotion of Piety, and is in one thing very like the Chriſtian *Love-Feaſts*, for we never forget the *Oſculum Pacis*; ſome are apt to imagine, becauſe it was founded by one of the Society for the *Propagation of the Goſpel*, that it was intended for the Converſion of the *Jews* which we have here, but they ſtill continue ſtubborn, and ſay, that tho' they are not much againſt Chriſtian Kiſſes, they don't like them ſo well after *Bacon*. For to ſatisfie theſe Scruples of Conſcience, there have been ſome Attempts made towards a *Comprehenſion*, and ſeveral Equivalents for the *Gammon* have been propos'd; but I can't find that there has been the leaſt Word ſaid againſt the other Part of the Collation, the Ladies mightily approving that Part of their Fare, which goes no farther than their Lips. I can't tell whether your *Guardianſhip* would like this Entertainment, or allow young Lady LIZARD the Liberty of being ſaluted after Ten at Night; and whether if the *Ham*, and *Kiſſes* together, might not contribute to the breaking her Reſt, and filling her Head with ſtrange Dreams all Night. According to Mr. HOBBES's Notion of the Connexion of Ideas, I doubt it might prove of dangerous Conſequence to the Fair Sex, for, tho' from *Bacon* to *Kiſſes*, be not ſuch an unſeemly Tranſition, yet we can't tell where it might ſtop, and you very well know that there are ſome unluckily Relative Ideas that naturally follow the other.

Whatever a Perſon of your Sagacity ſhould determine upon ſo material a Point, would, I dare

ſay,

ſay, be generally allow'd of, and therefore we hope that you will be pleas'd to take the Premiſes into your ſerious Conſideration, and you will oblige all the Company in this Place, who are your Admirers.

Yours,

R. S.

collated copy complete
pp Bernard Quaritch
Bt